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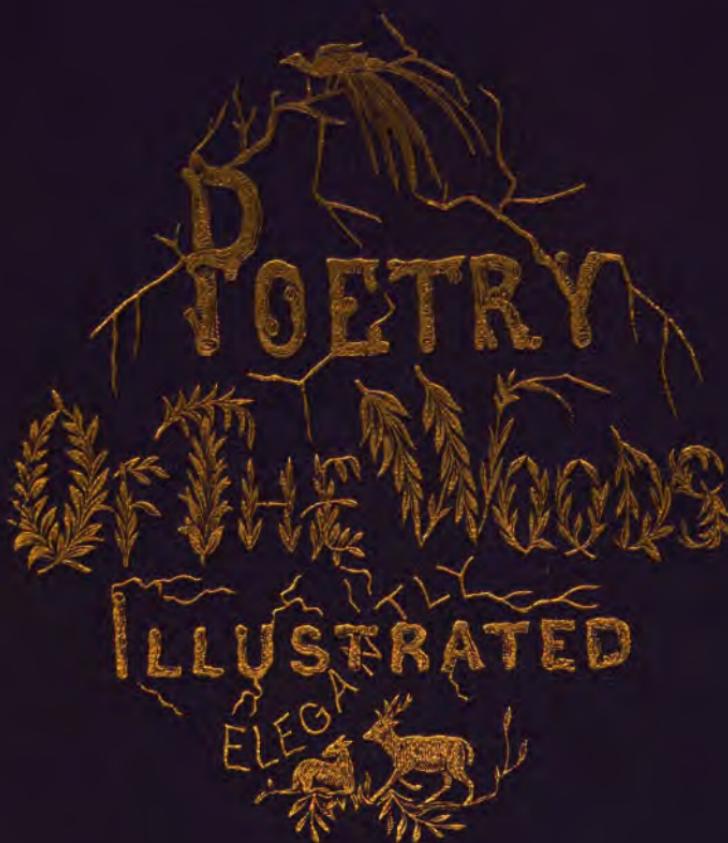
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NEDL TRANSFER

HN 1C4L Z



Helen Van
Innes

POETRY OF THE WOODS.

Helen A. Silliman.



Every they fly
A diff'rent and unawaring bair
The most deliv'ous now and to their young. 22. 32



POETRY OF THE WOODS



PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY E. B. DODGE, 1840.

POETRY OF THE WOODS:

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

Descriptive of Forest Scenes,

ETC. ETC.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

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POETRY OF THE WOODS.

T R E E S.

AND ye are strong to shelter!—all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your shade!
Birds, of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
And nun-like violets, by the wind betrayed.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath
 played
With his first primrose-wealth: there love hath
 sought
A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought;
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,
A refuge for her tears; and oftentimes there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim;
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless
 hymn.

MRS. HEMANS.

FOLIAGE.

COME forth and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure!—see, the honeyed lime
Showers cool green light o'er banks where
 flowers weave
Thick tapestry; and woodbine tendrils climb
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.
The rich deep masses of the sycamore
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale
That sweeps the boughs:—the chestnut flowers are
 past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge:—Oh! never may we lose,
Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest nature's
 hues!

MRS. HEMANS

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;

Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, where it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.

For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sur,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That strain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,

When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us,—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

LONGFELLOW

THE ASPEN.

WHAT whispers so strange, at the hour of midnight,
From the aspen's leaves trembling so wildly ?
Why in the lone wood sings it sad, when the bright
Full-moon beams upon it so mildly ?

It soundeth as 'mid the harp-strings the windgust,
Or like sighs of ghosts wandering in sorrow ;
In the meadow the small flowers hear it, and must
With tears close themselves till the morrow.

“ O, tell me, poor wretch, why thou shiverest so,—
Why the moans of distraction thou pourest ;

Say, can thy heart harbor repentance and woe ?
Can sin reach the child of the forest ?”

“ Yes,” sighed forth the tremulous voice,—“ for thy
race
Has not alone fallen from its station ;
Not alone art thou seeking for comfort and grace,
Nor alone art thou called to salvation.

“ I’ve heard, too, the voice, which, with heaven
reconciled,
The earth to destruction devoted ;
But the storm from my happiness hurried me wild ;
Though round me joy’s melodies floated.

“ By Kedron I stood, and the bright beaming eye
I viewed of the pitying Power ;
Each tree bowed its head, as the Saviour passed by,
But I deigned not my proud head to lower.

“ I towered to the cloud, whilst the lilies sang sweet,
And the rose bent its stem in devotion ;
I strewed not my leaves ’fore the Holy One’s feet,
Nor bough nor twig set I in motion.

“Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour’s breast ;
And I quaked, for that sigh through me darted ;
‘Quake so till I come !’ said the voice of the blest ;
My repose then forever departed.

“And now must I tremble by night and by day,
For me there no moment of ease is ;
I must sigh with regret in such dolorous way,
Whilst each floweret can smile when it pleases.

“And tremble shall I till the Last Day arrive,
And I view the Redeemer returning ;
My sorrow and punishment long will survive,
Till the world shall in blazes be burning.”

So whispers the doomed one at midnight ; its tone
Is that of ghosts wandering in sorrow ;
The small flowers hear it within the wood lone,
And with tears close themselves till the morrow.

INGEMANN.

VERNAL MELODY IN THE FOREST

WITH sonorous notes

Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings. Where, far around inclosed
With bushy sides, and covered high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat,
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;
But oft, a moment after, reappears,

First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded.

CARLOS WILCOX.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir ! The unquiet finch
Calls for the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes ;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad

The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whippoorwill,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current
mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge

Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness :
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters ! Thou art king
Of the blue lake ; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye ! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations ? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues

Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
 Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
 Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
 So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

I. MCLELLAN, JUN.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A WOODMAN, whose rough heart was out of tune
 (I think such hearts yet never came to good),
 Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
 Satiate the hungry dark with melody ;—
 And, as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
 Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
 Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose.
 The singing of that happy nightingale
 In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness ;
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets ; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled earth ; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters,—every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth, fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle—ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproached star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
Unconscious as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high, beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish!—and every
form

That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one. . . .

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves,—and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping oft
Fast showers of aerial water drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness ;—
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds: or, where high branches
· kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion—and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odors and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.

SHELLEY.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A CONVERSATION POEM. APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ; and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
“ Most musical, most melancholy ” bird !*
A melancholy bird ! O ! idle thought !

* “ *Most musical, most melancholy.* ” This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton.

In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was
 pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality.
A venerable thing ! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature ! But 'twill not be so ;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still



And I knew a grove
Of large extent, hardly a match indeed,
Whose great lord unhappy set



Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,

With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
full
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve,
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove,)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their
notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky

With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps ! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again !
Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
Who capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star ; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,) I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,

And he beheld the moon, and hushed, at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
 Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam ! Well !—
 It is a father's tale : But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
 Sweet Nightingale ! Once more, my friends, fare-
 well !

COLERIDGE.

FABLE OF THE WOOD ROSE AND THE
 LAUREL.

IN these deep shades a floweret blows,
 Whose leaves a thousand sweets disclose ;
 With modest air it hides its charms,
 And every breeze its leaves alarms ;
 Turns on the ground its bashful eyes,
 And oft unknown, neglected, dies.
 This flower, as late I careless strayed,
 I saw in all its charms arrayed.
 Fast by the spot where low it grew,
 A proud and flaunting Wood Rose blew.

With haughty air her head she raised,
And on the beauteous plant she gazed.
While struggling passion swelled her breast,
She thus her kindling rage expressed :

“Thou worthless flower,
Go leave my bower,
And hide in humbler scenes thy head :
How dost thou dare,
Where roses are,
Thy scents to shed ?
Go, leave my bower, and live unknown ;
I’ll rule the field of flowers alone.”

“And dost thou think”—the Laurel cried,
And raised its head with modest pride,
While on its little trembling tongue
A drop of dew incumbent hung—
“And dost thou think I’ll leave this bower,
The seat of many a friendly flower,
The scene where first I grew !
Thy haughty reign will soon be o’er,
And thy frail form will bloom no more ;
My flower will perish too.

But know, proud Rose,
 When winter's snows
 Shall fall where once thy beauties stood,
 My pointed leaf of shining green
 Will still amid the gloom be seen,
 To cheer the leafless wood."

"Presuming fool!" the Wood Rose cried,
 And strove in vain her shame to hide;
 But, ah! no more the flower could say;
 For, while she spoke, a transient breeze
 Came rustling through the neighboring trees,
 And bore her boasted charms away.

And such, said I, is Beauty's power!
 Like thee she falls, poor trifling flower;
 And, if she lives her little day,
 Life's winter comes with rapid pace,
 And robs her form of every grace,
 And steals her bloom away.

But in thy form, thou Laurel green,
 Fair Virtue's semblance soon is seen.
 In life she cheers each different stage,
 Spring's transient reign, and Summer's glow,

And Autumn mild, advancing slow,
And lights the eye of age.

ANON.

MAN'S PORTION IS TO DIE.

Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like
into his glorious body, according to the working whereby He is
able even to subdue all things unto Himself. PHILIPPIANS 3:
21.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, where all his second life
Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain ?

And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprung at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering
road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

KEBLE.

FOREST SCENE.

I KNOW a forest vast and old,
A shade so deep, so darkly green,
That morning sends her shaft of gold
In vain to pierce its leafy screen.
I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's repose,
For noon with all the calm of dawn
Lies hushed beneath those dewy boughs.

O ! proudly there the forest kings
Their banners lift on vale and mount;
And cool and fresh the wild grass springs
By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
There o'er the fair leaf-laden rill
The laurel sheds its clustered bloom,
And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill,
The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

No huntsman's call, no baying hound,
Scares from his rest the light-limbed stag,
But following faint his airy bound
Glad echo leaps from crag to crag;
From morn till eve the wood-birds sing,
And, by the wild wave's glittering play,
The pheasant plumes her glossy wing,
The doe lies couched at close of day.

From slippery ledge, from moss-grown rock,
Dash the swift waters at a bound,
And from the foam that veils the shock
Floats every wavelet sparkle crowned.
By brake, and dell, and lawny glade,
O'er gnarled root, o'er mossy stone,
Beneath the forest's emerald shade
The brook winds murmuring, chiding on.

Far floating o'er its limpid breast
The lily sends her petals fair,
And couched beside her regal crest
The balm-flower scents the drowsy air.
From spray and vine, o'er rocky ledge
Hang blossoms wild of scarlet dye,

And on the curved and sanded edge
The pink-lined shells, wave-polished, lie.

There wakes no tone of idle mirth
Amid those shadows vast and dim,
But from the gentle lips of earth,
How soft and low her forest hymn !
How soft and low where stirs the wind
Through the dark arches of the wood,
Where, mass on mass, the boughs entwined,
Hang whispering o'er, the chiming flood !

When twilight skies look faintly down,
When noon lies hushed on leaf and spray,
When midnight casts her silver crown
Before the throne of godlike day,
There still to earth's perpetual choir
The same sweet harmony is given :
For angels wake her sacred lyre,
And every chord is strung by Heaven.

EDITH MAY.

WOODS IN SPRING.

HAIL, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
By Thee the various vegetative Tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable colored scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My Theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the Woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye Nightingales ! oh pour

The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *The Passion of the Groves.*

When first the Soul of Love is sent abroad
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing ;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the Lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn ;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounting sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The Thrush
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length

Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The Blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow Bullfinch answers from the grove ;
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the Stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of Love ;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem

Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colors burnish, and by Hope inspired,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disordered ; then again approach ;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That Nature's *great Command* may be obeyed ;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots

Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The Swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened spring around her
blows,
Her sympathizing Lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow Young,
Warmed, and expanded into perfect life,

Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor. O what Passions then,
What melting Sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle Pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* Race,
And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighboring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarmed, deceive
The unfeeling Schoolboy. Hence, around the head

Of wandering* swain, the white-winged Plover
wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her Nest. The Wild-duck
hence,

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The Heath-hen flutters (pious fraud !) to lead
The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,
Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous art forbear !
If on your bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade.

THOMSON.

WOODS IN WINTER

THE night was winter in its roughest mood ;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And hath the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content

With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences

That from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we in the world's riper years neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised ! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns ; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride ;—no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter ; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music ;—thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt ;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship ;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—

By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. The delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and looks so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees

Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often in these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou

Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages ; when at thy call,
Uprises the great Deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities ;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face,
Spare me and mine ; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

BRYANT

EDWIN.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;

And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows,
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies.
While each assailing blast increase of strength sup-
plies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sub-
lime.

One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamored of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made :
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, sur-
veyed
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crowned.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;

And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole :

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled
breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose !
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.”

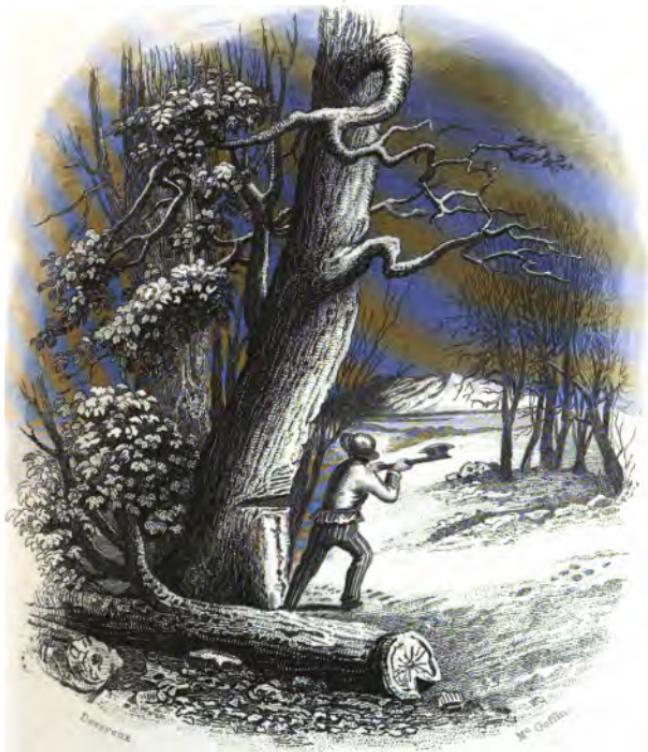
BRATTIN.

D E C E M B E R.

Now through the distant vales the fawn's light foot
Leaveth its cloven impress on the snow ;
The wood's soft echoes mock the baying hound ;
The hunter builds his watchfire on the hills ;
The schoolboy, from his morning task released,
Shoulders the rifle, and goes blithely forth
To start the dusky pheasant from her nest,
Down in the ferny hollows. All day long
There is a sound of muffled hoofs, half drowned
By the quick sleigh-bell, that rejoicingly
Rings in the new-born monarch. All day long
The woodsman plies his sharp and sudden axe
Under the crashing branches.

Vale and mead
And steadfast wave lie stretched beneath my eye,
Clad in one uniform livery. O'er the lake
The skaters flit like shadows, and afar
The wagoner plods beside his smoking team ;
The sportsman, followed by his frolic hound,
Springs up the breezy hillside. Save for these,
All breathing life alike seems motionless.

ED' TH MAY.



All day long,
The woodsman lies his sharp, and sudden axe.

P R E L U D E.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—

As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapsed in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;

It was a sound of joy!

They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,

“Come, be a child once more!”

And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,

Into the solemn wood,

Solemn and silent everywhere!

Nature with folded hands seemed there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
“It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay:
Thou art no more a child!

“ The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels’ wings.

“ Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

“ There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;

Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, ‘It is past!
We can return no more!’

“Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life’s deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.”

LONGFELLOW.

A WINTER SCENE.

BUT Winter has yet brighter scenes;—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn, with his many fruits and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
When the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,

And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look, the mossy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; branch and twig
Shine in the lucid covering; each light rod,
Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
Still streaming, as they move, with colored light.
But round the parent stem the long, low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. O! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of Earth, where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz, and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them; or, haply, the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches, and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye:—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palate vault;
There the blue sky, and the white drifting cloud

Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of sporting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light,
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers; and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

IDLE MAN.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,



For a draught of vintage, that hath been
Sip'd a long age in the deep delv'd earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

KEATS.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF;

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOR.

A VISION.

IN that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turned my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain :
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never entered in my breast ;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.

I wondered then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew :
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves ; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung ;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Passed out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood ;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretched to their neighbors with a long embrace :
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colored, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing
Both eyes and ears received a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fixed my whole desire ;
And listened for the queen of all the quire ;

Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seemed to meet,
And looked as lightly pressed by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walked alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbor stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmarked, though oft I walked the green,
In all my progress I had never seen:
And seized at once with wonder and delight,
Gazed all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas benched with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day,
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mixed with green,

That nature seemed to vary the delight;
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlor made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade:
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy:
But all that passed without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was placed between.
'Twas bordered with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sowed with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles decked the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I looked and looked, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures filled my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odors were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit there:

But thence they fled as from their mortal foe ;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mused I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough :
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopped from side to side,
Still pecking as she passed ; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and sucked the dew :
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as soothed my soul, and pleased my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied :
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung :
And I so ravished with her heavenly note,
I stood entranced, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpowered with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise ;
At length I waked, and looking round the bower,
Searched every tree, and pried on every flower,

If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody :
For still methought she sung not far away :
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite ;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twined ;
And both their native sweets were well conjoined
On the green bank I sat, and listened long ;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song ;)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wished to dwell forever in the grove.

CHACER—DRYD: M.

THE WOOD-PIGEON.

HAVE I scared thee from thy bough,
Tenant of the lonely wild,
Where, from human face exiled,
'Tis thine the sky to plough ;
Hearing but the wailing breeze,
Or the cataracts sullen roaring,
Where, 'mid clumps of ancient trees,
O'er its rocks the stream is pouring ?—

Up on ready wing thou rushest
To the gloom of woods profound,
And through silent ether brushest
With a whirring sound.

Ring-dove beauteous ! is the face
Of man so hateful, that his sight
Startles thee in wild affright,
From beechen resting-place ?—

Surely pleasant life is thine,
Underneath the shining day ;
Thus, from sorrow far away,
'Mid bowering groves to pine—
To pine with wild, luxurious love,
While coos thy timid partner near thee,
Flowers below, and boughs above ;
And nought around to fear thee ;
While thy bill so gently carries
To thy young, from field or wood,
Seeds, or fruits, or purple berries,
For their slender food.

Rapidly thou wing'st away—
I saw thee now, a tiny spot—
Again—and now I see thee not—
Nought save the skies of day.—

The Psalmist once his prayer addressed—
“Dove, could I thy pinions borrow,
My soul would flee, and be at rest,
Far from the earth’s oppressing sorrow!”

Alas! we turn to brave the billows
Of the world’s tempestuous sway,
Where Life’s stream, beneath care’s willows,
Murmurs night and day!

MOIR.

THE DEAD LEAVES.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the Spring’s green, sprouting bower,
Gone Summer’s rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—

A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me
The winter comes, and where is she?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there;
The northern breeze, that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek;
And leave me lonely with the night.
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone!

BRAINARD

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever fanning Breezes, on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

THOMSON.

AUTUMN.

CROWNED with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on ; the Doric Reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry Frost
Nitrous prepared ; the various blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-Suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

THOMSON.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE INTO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it,—enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
To guilt. And hence these shades are still the
abodes
Of undissembled gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel with raised paws and form erect,

Chirps merrily. Throng of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

BRYANT

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD.

GEN. Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,

I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes ;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskinéd Nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honor and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame has left untold ;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,

To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round,
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
But else, in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,

And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear ;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

MILTON

SONG.

O'ER the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

DEEP in the wood, thy voice I list, and love
 Thy soft complaining song,—thy tender cooing;—
 O what a winning way thou hast of wooing!
 Gentlest of all thy race—sweet Turtle-dove.
 Thine is a note that doth not pass away,
 Like the light music of a Summer's day!
 The merle may trill his richest song in vain—
 Scarce do we say, “List, for he pipes again,”—
 But thou! that low plaint oft and oft repeating
 To the coy mate that needs so much entreating—
 Fillest the woods with a discursive song
 Of love, that sinketh deep, and resteth long,—
 Hushing the voice of mirth and staying folly,—
 And waking in the heart a gentle melancholy.

CONWAY.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

I HEARD a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;
He did not cease; but cooed and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed;
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee,
That was the song,—the song for me.

WORDSWORTH.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

AUTUMN had stripped the grove, and strewed
The vale with leafy carpet o'er,
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more:
Yet *one* still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

“ I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy’s wild haunt !
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your visitant.
'Twas a stern oracle that told
My dark decree,—*The woodland bloom*
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes the inexorable tomb ! ”

“ The eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form, like some funeral thing,
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades,—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

“ I die ! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fixed Fate has frozen up my blood ;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipped is my life’s spring in the bud.
Fall, fall, O transitory leaf,
And cover well this path of sorrow ;
Hide from my mother’s searching grief
The spot where I’ll be laid to-morrow ! ”

“ But should my loved one’s fairy tread
 Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
 Silent, alone, at eve,—
 O, then, with rustling murmur meet
 The echo of her coming feet,
 And sign of welcome give !”

Such was the sick youth’s last sad thought ;
 Then slowly from the grove he moved :
 Next morn that way a corpse was brought,
 And buried in the bower he loved.
 But at his grave no form appeared,
 No fairy mourner : through the wood
 The shepherd’s tread alone was heard,
 In the sepulchral solitude.

MILLEVOY.

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

DOWN from a mountain’s craggy brow
 His homeward way a hunter took,
 By a path that wound to the vales below
 At the side of a leaping brook.
 Long and sore had his journey been,
 By the dust that clung to his forest green,

By the stains on his broidered moccasin ;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And pouch and horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward ; soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood,
Slanting over the wooded vale ;
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice, and a hound's deep cry ;
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely waked as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain side,
Over the valleys the echo died,
And a doe sprang lightly by
And cleared the path, and panting stood
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled as the cry of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell louder on her ear ;
And pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by,
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry.
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang
And crouched at the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leapt apart with a crashing sound ;
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
Came on the exulting hound ;

Yet baffled, stopped to bay and glare
Far from the torrent's bound ;
For the weeping fawn still crouching there
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

EDITH MAY.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing !

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,

Starts—the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make with social wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings :

Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong.
Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the eyening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind ;
And groves and grottoes, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.

Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow.
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapors, intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires :
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew ;
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;
His sides are clothed with waving wood ;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :
So both in safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;

And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun !
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go,
A various journey, to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem :
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass,
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;

Still we tread the same coarse way:
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid :
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
Search for Peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :

In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of Care !
Grass and flower Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side ;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Dyer.

GERTRUDE'S RETREAT.

APART there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed
by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had
 strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown;
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her
 sweetest tears.

And nought within the grove was hard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom pro-
 found,

Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

CAMPBELL

POLLIO.

AN ELEGIAC ODE; WRITTEN TO THE WOOD NEAR
R—— CASTLE, 1762.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful schoolboys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when to the wise and good
The heavenly maid repays the toil of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently heaving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height.
The silver empress of the night appears!

Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptured towers ;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
Dark solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scathed poplar through the windows
waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains :

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclined,
Pours on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning
shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears

Its crumbling turrets ; still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he
bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have
led ;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruined heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, marched o'er the lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight !
Now lost to them ! and ah ! how changed to me.

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring ;
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding trees,
When here we wandered in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side ;

When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors dyed :

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;
To him the lettered page displayed its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resigned ;

Him with her purest flames the Muse endowed,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied :
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glowed
In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys !
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows ;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roamed with thee ;
Oft by the moon have brushed the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;
But now the hill, the river crowned with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend ! oh
where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind ?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare ;
Oh now cut off each passage to my mind !

How dreary is the gulf ! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repassed !
Dread separation ! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast !

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes !
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire ?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies ?
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire ?

Far be the thought ! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chilled in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine in Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies ;
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies !

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tossed,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove.

MICKLE

ODE.

SENT TO A FRIEND ON HIS LEAVING A FAVORITE VILLAGE
IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH, mourn thy loved retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crowned airy steep:
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of landscapes ever new;

Where summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide ?
Who mark, beneath, each village charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watched by the kite that sails aloof :
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long deserted hall ;
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train :
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low roof fane's embosomed spire ?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way ;
Pleased at his customary task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hand to glean
Of withered boughs his pittance mean ?
Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit ;
And list'ning to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak ?
Who through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?

Who wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay ?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely paced,
With azure flow'rets idly graced ?
Unnoticed now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn :
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote :
While, owned by no poetic eye,
The pensive evening shade the sky !

For lo ! the bard who rapture found
From ev'ry rural sight or sound ;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature passed ;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favored haunt retires :
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequestered glooms !
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,

Th unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake,
Where the delved mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide ;
On the green summit, ambushed high,
No longer echo loves to lie ;
No pearl-crowned maid, with wily look,
Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank,
Nor brush half seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

T. Warton.

WOODLAND HALLO.

IN our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the wood,

I am mistress, no mother have I;

Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,

And kind is my lover hard by;

They both work together beneath the green shade,

Both woodmen, my father and Joe;

Where I've listened whole hours to the echo that made

So much of a laugh or—Hallo.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply,

And with joy from my threshold I spring;

For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving high,

And echo that sings as I sing.

Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my food,

As I call the dear name of my Joe;

His musical shout is the pride of the wood,

And my heart leaps to hear the—Hallo.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease.

I wish not to wander from you;

I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,
 For I know that my Joe will be true.
 The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,
 Are charms that I'll never forego ;
 But resting through life on the bosom of love,
 Will remember the Woodland Hallo.

BLOOMFIELD

WINDSOR FOREST.

HERE in full light the russet plains extend ;
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.

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See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.

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POPE

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME silence ! welcome peace !
O most welcome, holy shade !
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire ;
Fountain of blessings yet untold ;
Pure source of intellectual fire !
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy ;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

I grant that summer heats will burn,
 That keen will come the frosty night ;
 But both shall please : and each in turn
 Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall ;
 Did I not see, did I not feel,
 That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
 O' Heaven permit that I may lie
 Where o'er my corse green branches wave ;
 And those who from life's tumult fly
 With kindred feelings press my grave.

BLOOMFIELD.

VERSES.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR
 DRUMLANRIG.

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
 Ane smiling simmer-morn I strayed,
 And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins played,

I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sighs the boding wind
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
“And came ye here, my son,” he cried,
“To wander in my birken shade ?
To muse some favorite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favorite Scottish maid ?

“There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide ;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool .

“When glinting, through the trees, appeared
The wee white cot aboon the mill.

And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curled up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast is lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
 Has twined ye o' your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripped the clidding o' your braes?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was't the wil'fire scorched their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied:
 "It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and wholesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell;
 Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 "The worm that gnawed my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown."

BURNS

TO AN OLD OAK.

ROUND thee, alas ! no shadows move,
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath !

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-tossed ;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero crossed !

Then culture came, and days serene,—
And village-sports, and garlands gay :
Full many a pathway crossed the green,—
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May !

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder fraught !
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
 The holy druid saw thee rise ;
 And, planting there the guardian-spell,
 Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
 Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare
 Now straggle in the evening sky ;
 And the wan moon wheels round to glare
 On the lone corse that shivers there
 Of him who came to die !

ROGERS.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE
 HARTZ FOREST.

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
 Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
 A surging scene, and only limited
 By the blue distance. Heavily my way
 Downward I dragged through fir-groves evermore,
 Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral
 forms
 Speckled with sunshine ; and, but seldom heard,

The sweet bird's song become a hollow sound ;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall
And the brook's chatter ; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood : for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the life within :
Fair ciphers else : fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country ! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England ! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs !

My native land !
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears : that all the view

From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim ! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly ; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere ! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

COLERIDGE.

THE GIPSIES' HAUNT.

WHY curls the blue smoke o'er the trees ?
What words are borne upon the breeze ?
Some cottage in yon lonely glen
Lies nestled from the eyes of men ;
Unconsciously we've wandered near
Some rural play-place, for I hear
The sound in which my heart rejoices,—
The melody of infant voioes.

Alas ! in that green nook we see
No dwelling-place of industry ;

No dame, intent on household cares,
The neat but frugal meal prepares :
No sire, his labor o'er, will come
To brighten and to share her home ;
No children from their mother learn
An honest way their bread to earn.

The gipsies, wild and wandering race,
Are masters of the sylvan chase :
Beneath the boughs their tents they raise,
Upon the turf their fagots blaze :
In coarse profusion they prepare
The feast obtained,—how, when, and where ?
While swarthy forms, with clamor loud,
Around the smoking cauldron crowd.

Forth trips a laughing dark-eyed lass,
To intercept us as we pass ;
Upon your right hand let her look,
And there she'll read, as in a book,
Your future fortune ; and reveal
The joy or woe you're doomed to feel :
Your course of love she will unfold,
If you the picture dare behold !

BATLY

THE OAK.

* * * IT is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest-pride when I was young.
I can remember when, for miles around,
In place of those smooth meadows and corn fields,
There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh.
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest; and overhead the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;
Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antlered kings.
But this is as a dream,—the plough has passed
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked

On the green twilight of the forest trees.
This oak has no companion! * *

LANDON.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

ALAS for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourished for many an age,
And many a tempest wreaked on it its rage;
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its root deeper, and flourished more fast.

Its head towered on high and its branches spread
round:
For its roots had struck deep, and its heart was sound;
The bees o'er its honey-dewed foliage played,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear;
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her
spear.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood

There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk ;
It struck in its mouths and the juices it drunk ;
The branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gathered around ;
The roots still were fast, and the heart still was
sound ;
They lopped off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews played,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade ;
Lopped and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound ;
They have loosened the roots, though the heart may
be sound ;
What the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that poisoned the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

SOUTHEY.

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there :
The primrose pale, the violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath,
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky ;
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

SCOTT.

THE END.

